

JUNE 1960

Maryknoll





It's hard for the happy
to understand misery.

— Quintilian

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Missioner

In the Market Place

ON the contemporary American scene, the words "Father Keller" and "Christopher" have become practically synonymous. The former is the name of a Maryknoll priest who commands an indefatigable amount of imagination, energy and zeal; the latter stands for his vigorous, fifteen-year-old movement that has struck amazingly responsive chords in the mainstream of a nation. Because of Father James



Keller's persistent exhortation, "*You can change the world!*" the man in the street suddenly finds himself equipped with an idea both essentially Christian and ultimately

practical. A native of Oakland, Calif., Father Keller studied at St. Patrick's seminary, Menlo Park, prior to entering Maryknoll. Ordained in 1925, he worked twenty years in our society's vocation program before securing permission to devote full-time to the Christopher Movement. Today, at his New York City headquarters on East 49th Street, he and his small staff produce annually an average of 12 million *News Notes*, 52 radio and television programs beamed to 1,300 stations, and a half-dozen titles of full-length Christopher books. Regardless of the media, Father Keller's message is always the same: Every American can and must reach out from his own small world to restore the love and truth of Christ in the market place.



Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.

"... to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York



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THERE are lots of portable phonographs around Musoma — those of the old, fast-spinning, scratchy kind; the boxes covered with imitation leather, worth a cow or a few goats, maybe a beaten-up bike or an old, army overcoat.

Africans buy “dishes” from Indian merchants, and play the records till they are smooth. No one boggles at a crack in a record.

High on their hit parade are rumbas and tangos — Spanish style music with Swahili words. The accompaniment is invariably guitar; vocalists are always men — one often assumes a high falsetto that

represents a woman's voice. Other records feature local, stringed instruments; the style of singing is quite different from Western music. The people listen raptly or let out yells of delight.

A minstrel accompanies himself on a big and rough mandolin. He sings loudly and rapidly, improvising chords as he chants his story. He is working for a fee, and expects tips.

When he pauses for a lubricant, someone will stand up and make a speech: “Fellows — I'm a man of vast experience, travel, and culture. I've been to Mombasa and Nairobi.

MARYKNOLL

goes round and round

*To Africans all music is good
— but when it comes to a
choice, they like their own best.*

By Daniel D. Zwack, M.M.

My services were in demand at Mwanza; I served a jail sentence at Mbeya. But in all my travels, I've never heard a better performance than this now presented to us by the son of Fulani." He whips out a shilling, and bangs it on the packing case that serves as a table. Everyone agrees. He sits down, glorious, and poorer by a week's wage.

When a minstrel's story calls for audience participation, all the women stand up and shuffle.

There is a dramatic song that I've heard only from the people living at the mission. A leader stands apart, singing and clapping the

rhythm; singers in a circle take up the refrain. They are acting something out, maybe a hunt. They move along, bent double, swaying, looking right and left, arms pointing to what they are hunting for.

Among their musical instruments is a gourd mandolin with arm attached. It is fitted with six thick strings of twisted gut. For some reason I haven't been able to discover, it has a little door on the bottom, quite distinct from the hole under the strings.

Local flutes are made of a length of bamboo, fitted with apertures and plugs as a flute may require. They produce three or four notes, which are repeated endlessly, to the evident satisfaction of the shepherds who play them.

Flute music has carrying power. From the top of an escarpment, so high that the villages below looked like toy villages, I can clearly hear a shepherd's flute. He and his flock are tiny creatures, far below me, already in shadow, though above the sun shines brightly.

It seems that just any African can beat a drum. Schoolboys keep a snappy marching beat. Primary schools here often have bands — half a dozen tin flutes (they get much more out of tin ones than from bamboo ones) and maybe a pupil with a steel triangle or a pair of old cymbals. "And the music is somethin' grand!"

Happily, there is good progress in adapting Church music to Africa's musical genius.

To the Africans I know all music is good — all of it — but their own is best.



Seeing Double



*A candid look at Maryknoll's first set of identical
deacons, the Brien brothers,* as they complete their
seminary training and prepare to receive Holy Orders.*

**Peter, left; Paul, right. Or vice-versa.*

— Ed.

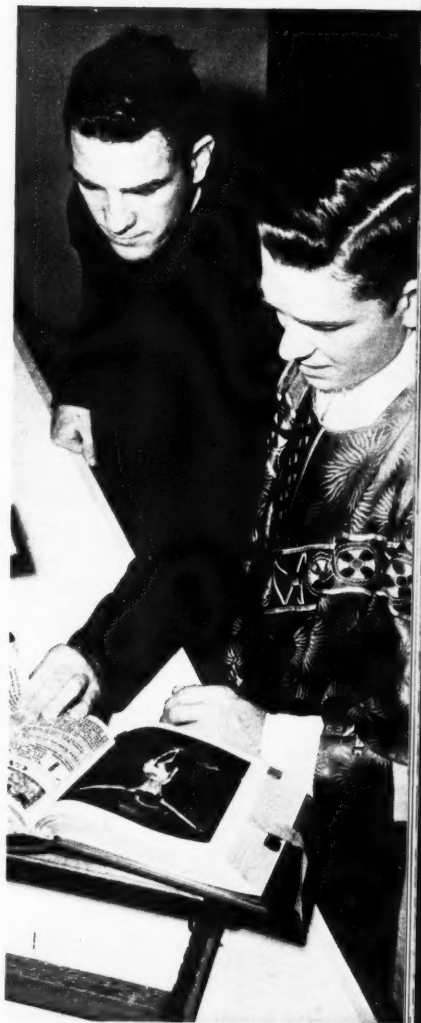
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THE photo at your left is meant to confuse you. But don't be disheartened — Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brien, of Escanaba, Michigan, have been seeing double since the birth of their sons, Peter and Paul, some twenty-six years ago.

For the past seven years, the twins have been members of the Maryknoll family. During that period they have managed, quite guilelessly, to confuse and amuse their fellow students, professors and many casual visitors to Maryknoll.

Their last year as deacons has been an exacting, fast-paced preparation for the foreign missions. It represents the climax to years of specialized training, designed to make them and their confreres effective instruments in the world apostolate. Now, with time running out, they are preparing for June 11, when, with their entire class, they will kneel before the ordaining prelate to receive the eternal Priesthood of Christ.

It may be several decades before we'll be seeing double again, here at Maryknoll. But if the next pair of twins is anything like the Brien brothers, it will be our pleasure.



At a "dry Mass," Paul (left) assists Peter in practicing the sacred rubrics.



Though excused from dish washing, deacons continue to wait on tables.

With Father Albert Fedders, seminary rector, twins examine garrote used by Manchurian bandits to strangle Maryknoll's Father Gerry Donovan in 1938.



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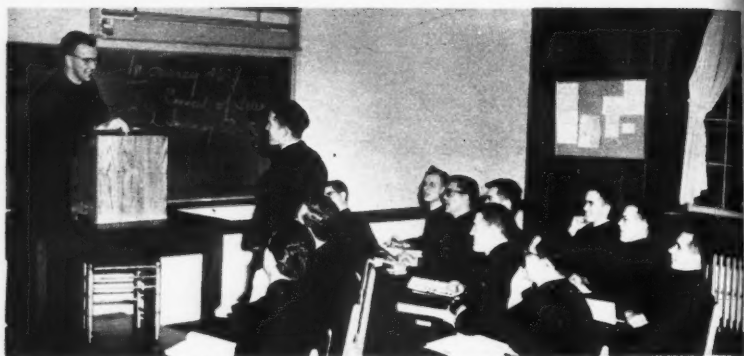
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Sister Mary Fabian, who for twenty-three years has baked the seminary bread, gives lessons to deacons on the making of Mass and Communion wafers.

Daily recitation of the Breviary begins 12 months before ordination.

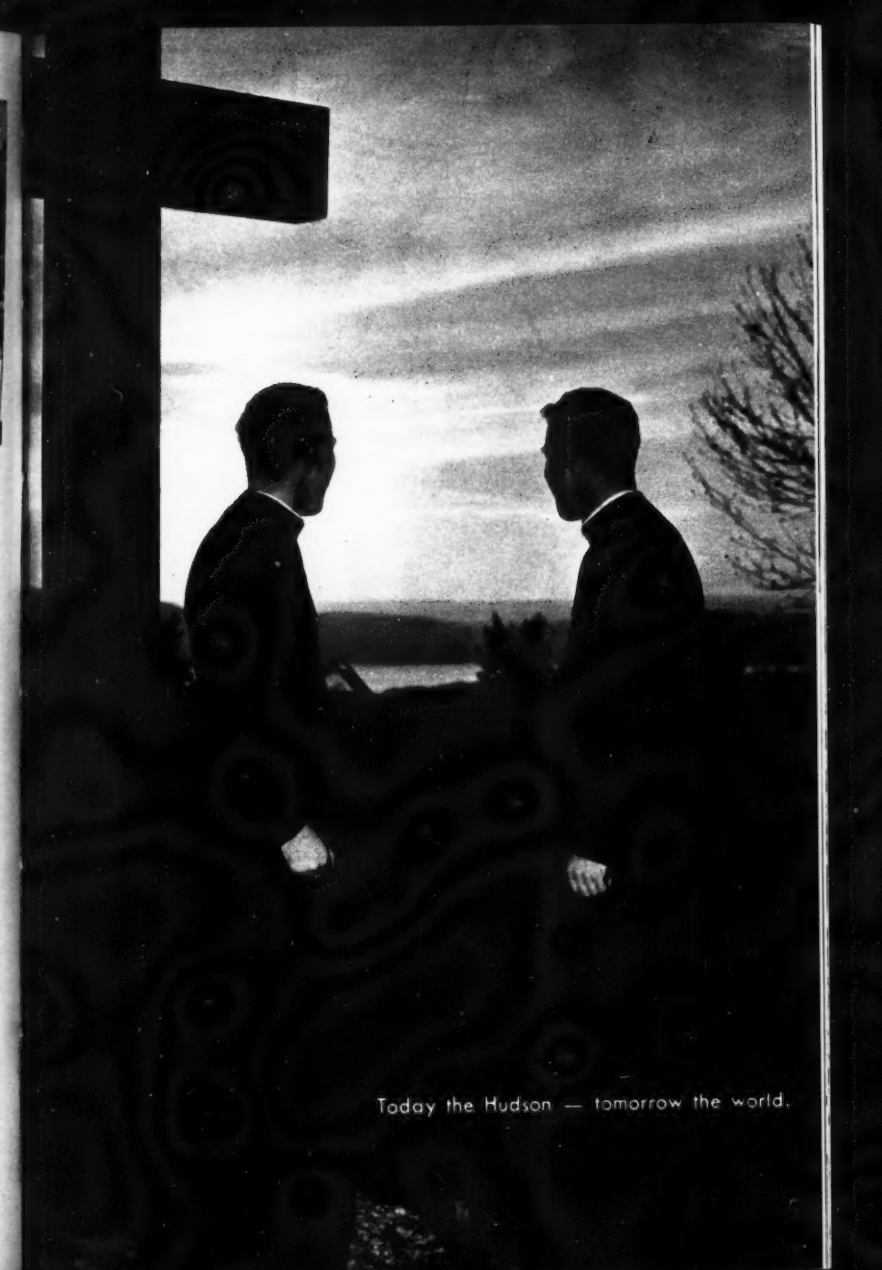





An apostolic priesthood requires a habit of study and a love of knowledge.

Twins play in jazz combo — sometimes smooth, seldom soft.





Today the Hudson — tomorrow the world.



...and justice for all

Main goal of a new research center is to help every person on earth live like a human being.

By William A. Kaschmitter, M.M.

IN THE international sphere, humanity has made little progress in defining what constitutes justice between nations since the days of Francisco de Vitoria four centuries ago and Hugo Grotius three centuries ago. This is the basic reason why we have never succeeded in drafting an effective system of international law.

We do have an International Court of Justice for the settling of conflicts concerning the rights of nations, but the best it can do is to pass judgment according to the letter of previous international agree-

ments — which may or may not have been really just. Even so, there is no executive power to enforce the judgments of the court. Until we have a formulation of what is really fair for everybody in the international sphere, it will be impossible to get enough nations or peoples to ratify any formula and to lend it the executive power of their collective strength.

Under the circumstances, when any nation feels that its rights are being violated, the temptation to resort to force is strong. In the absence of an international police

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force, nations try to find as many allies as possible to help them in case of war. Wars, however, have now become so terrible that they can mean total suicide for the human race.

What should be done under these circumstances? That is the question. Obviously, the answers given by various people will vary according to their religious beliefs or philosophical attitudes.

Christians accept God, creation, and the natural law as indisputable facts. To the Christian conscience, it is obvious that no solution of our international problems is possible except in accordance with natural law and the full, revealed truth about man. Christians, therefore, have a special responsibility towards both God and man to develop their doctrine sufficiently, so that it can show the whole of mankind the road to safety.

Such are the reasons why the Catholic University of Louvain set up its Research Center for International Social Justice. The special circumstances that made the creation of the Center necessary at this time, and that will condition its activities in the future, can be grouped under four headings: education and information; inequalities; communism; and inadequacy of Catholic social doctrine.

It probably would be an exaggeration to say that education makes people more individualistic, but it does make them more conscious of their rights and enables them to express themselves more effectively. Modern means of spreading information also make it possible to stir

millions and tens of millions of people to united action in such a way that they can topple governments at home and precipitate wars with other nations.

So far as inequalities are concerned, let us admit frankly that the facts of our present world favor communism. One glaring example is found in agriculture; but other examples could be given from the world of trade, industry or finance.

Experts of our Department of Agriculture in Washington are quoted as saying that our earth has 16 billion acres that could be used for food production. The Food and Agricultural Organization of the United Nations told us two years ago that we are using less than 3.5 billion acres, or 21% of the total. At the same time, in some countries, governments pay farmers for *not* cultivating their fields.

Professor Colin Clark, Director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute of Oxford University, contends that if men would fully develop agricultural potential, the earth could provide a comfortable standard of living (as comfortable as that enjoyed by the people of Holland) for a world population of 28 billion — or ten times our present total! And yet, half of the human race today is hungry.

For people who believe that God created the earth for the whole human race, and that He gave every human being a real right to a truly human existence, such facts must seem to point up the most gigantic piece of injustice in the history of the world. It is impossible, of course, to place the blame for that



injustice on any one group of people. However, we certainly can indict the unbalanced world order which is responsible.

From a pragmatic viewpoint, it might be said that such facts are the best ammunition for the Communist propaganda machine. Some people feel that, if such inequalities are allowed to continue, even though organized communism should collapse or be destroyed, another "ism" — equally or still-more dangerous — would arise in its place. They feel, too, that tolerating such conditions is the biggest mistake the Free World is making today.

Other people occasionally object that social justice is simply a scheme to rob the rich and to pour their money down the drain of impoverished need, where it will do no real good. One answer is provided by the United States. We now have more social justice than we had a century ago; the fact that most farmers and workers have enough money to buy a car, a radio or a television set has not hurt the automobile, radio or TV industries one bit.

If people everywhere were rich enough only to buy the food they need, we should have no agricultural overproduction problem in the U.S. If they were able to buy the other things they would like to have, businessmen throughout the world would have mass markets such as they never imagined in their fond-est dreams.

The Church has given mankind a

marvelous doctrine about charity. Some Catholics think this is all that is needed. They forget that obligations of justice take precedence over obligations of charity. To give a man in "charity" what is due to him in justice makes a mockery of charity.

Other Catholics think that Catholic social teaching already has all the answers, even in the matter of justice. Although Catholic social teaching is mature enough to indicate solutions for social and economic problems inside a nation, it falls down almost completely when applied to such problems in the international sphere.

To quote but one example of this inadequacy: On June 1, 1941, Pope Pius XII pointed to the world's unused land that is suitable for food production and said that the land was "created and prepared by God" for the use of all men. (He did not say for the "ownership" of all.)

On the other hand, our theology admits that Brazil (or any other land-rich country), for example, has real rights over its land. Where do Brazil's rights end? Where do rights of hungry humanity begin?

These are important questions, because 79% of usable land is untouched while half of humanity is hungry. They also are questions to which theologians and sociologists fail to give practical answers.

The reason for this immaturity of Catholic social doctrine is to be found in the history of that doctrine. All our great pioneers — such as Bishop von Ketteler in Germany, Cardinal Manning in England, De Mun in France, Toniolo in Italy,

Cardinal Gibbons in the United States — concentrated on problems inside their respective countries. As a result of the scientific and technological revolution of the past 150 years, however, our world has become international in spite of itself. Our Catholic social doctrine has not kept pace.

In talking, or even dreaming, about international social justice, it would be a great mistake to imagine that the responsibility for taking care of this or that hungry nation can be localized. Within a nation, we cannot say that John Rich is obliged to see to it that every James Poor in his town can earn a decent livelihood. We can say that everybody in the country is obliged, according to his position and ability, to cooperate towards the creation of a social and economic order in which everybody can earn a decent living.

In the international sphere, we cannot say that England or France is obliged to see to it that every South Sea islander enjoys a really human existence. We can say, however, that everybody in the world is obliged to cooperate — according to his position and ability — towards the creation of an economic and social world order that will make it possible for all people, everywhere, to live like human beings.

Creating such a world order presupposes the existence of a good blueprint — a blueprint that only a real science of international social justice can provide. A science, in the philosophical sense of the word, must include all the principles that have a bearing on a certain field of

learning. It must coordinate those principles and draw conclusions from them. In the matter of international social justice, we have some principles but we have not coordinated them sufficiently. Nor have we drawn the conclusions. Those are areas that the Louvain movement proposes to explore.

The first work undertaken by the new Research Center was the publication of a new quarterly, *World Justice*. One of its main functions is to serve as a lever for the promotion of specialized studies throughout the world on subjects that have a bearing on international social justice.

The editorial Board of Directors is made up of professors of sociology, economics, international law, international relations, political institutions, comparative social legislation, demography, philosophy, and theology. To keep the work on a truly international plane, a team of consultants is being built up in all important countries.

Tremendous encouragement for the movement has been provided by the many individual and institutional members of the world-wide Association for International Social Justice. This was established to provide both intellectual and financial support for the work. Perhaps the finest tribute came from a Catholic editor who wrote, "After prayer and sacrifice as taught at Fatima, the best thing for world peace that I know of is your work." ■ ■





**Father Tom always lets
Pedrocito beat him.**

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I found Guatemala a land of tremendous natural beauty and spiritual poverty.

PICTURES AND TEXT BY ARTHUR MELVILLE, M.M.

A YEAR from June, I shall be ordained a Maryknoll priest. Because I do not know to what part of the world I shall be sent, last summer I took the opportunity of going to Guatemala to visit my older brother, Father Thomas Melville, who works in a Maryknoll mission in the Cuchumatanes Mountains.

Father Tom's parishioners are Mam Indians. From the way that they treat him, you would think that they had known him all his life. He is a special favorite of the mountain boys. What I saw in Guatemala has only made me anxious for my own ordination and mission assignment. I don't think anyone has a happier life than my brother.

JUNE, 1960

My Brother Has a Way With Him!



Father Tom never has to worry about an audience. The boys of Soloma follow him everywhere he goes, hoping that he will tell them one of his stories.

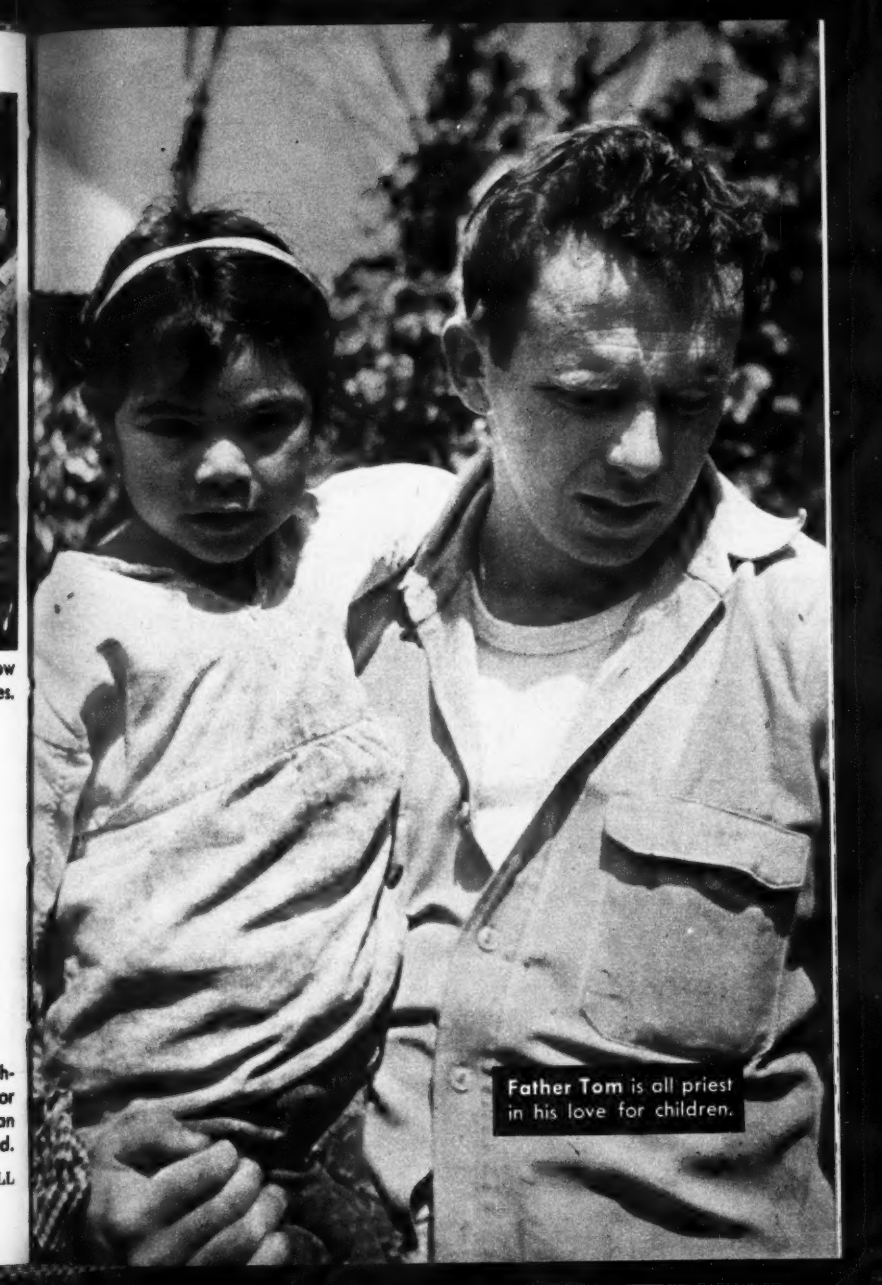


Indian boys come to my brother with all kinds of problems for they do not look on him as an outsider but as a real friend.


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Father Tom is all priest
in his love for children.



Poor in the goods of
the world but rich in
his closeness to God.

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I was surprised to find Indians practicing superstitious worship in front of the church in Soloma. My brother told me that such religious confusion happened over the many decades when a priest was a rarity in the mountains.

THE END

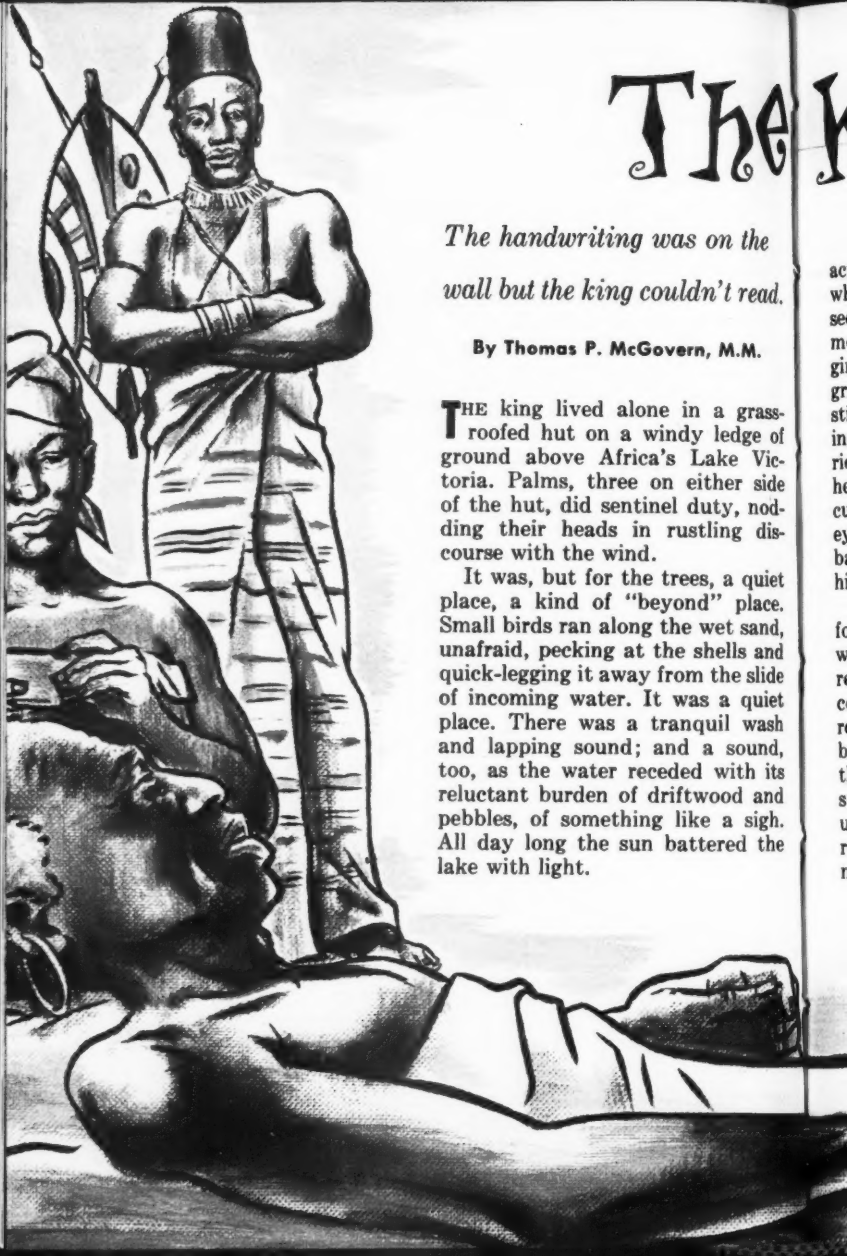
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The handwriting was on the wall but the king couldn't read.

By Thomas P. McGovern, M.M.

THE king lived alone in a grass-roofed hut on a windy ledge of ground above Africa's Lake Victoria. Palms, three on either side of the hut, did sentinel duty, nodding their heads in rustling discourse with the wind.

It was, but for the trees, a quiet place, a kind of "beyond" place. Small birds ran along the wet sand, unafraid, pecking at the shells and quick-legging it away from the slide of incoming water. It was a quiet place. There was a tranquil wash and lapping sound; and a sound, too, as the water receded with its reluctant burden of driftwood and pebbles, of something like a sigh. All day long the sun battered the lake with light.



A King's Dream

A footpath led from the mainland across a peninsular-like strip of white sand and golden reeds, to the seclusion of the king's hut. Mid-morning and midafternoon a young girl of about twelve, the king's grandchild, Nyangeta, would run stiff-armed along that path, scattering the sand behind her as she carried, in a steaming basin on her head, the king's food. She would curtsy carefully before him, her eyes concentrated on the rim of the basin, and then set the dishes before him on a low and rickety table.

The king would barely pick at the food. He sat in an old beach chair whose original canvas back had been replaced by a smooth, well-worn cowhide. The hide had almost no resiliency, but he liked the chair because he could adjust it to suit the sun and his own interest. He spent most of the day in the chair, under the overhang of the grass roof. He was a tall, thin, trembling man with skin like polished and

wrinkled leather, looking out over the unending sweep of water with his unusually bright eyes, the eyes of a young boy.

As far as eyes could see, the lake lay unlimited, undisturbed by any earthly boundary. On some days its farthest reach was piled high with clouds — great but weightless masses, disorderly shot through with light. Rarely — a treat for the king — a dhow appeared, as though painted on the horizon, its tipped-up, moon-shaped sail full-bellied, plying across his field of vision.

The king could neither read nor write. But he was a thoughtful man, and during the busy days of his manhood, he had looked forward to this time. He wanted time to think. Though he did not so express himself, he wanted to find a meaning in all the wildness and cruelty that he had experienced. Above all, he wanted to discover the meaning of his strange dream.

Though he was very old and tired,



he felt uneasy about taking the time because he knew how capricious his eldest son, Karega, king in all but name, could be. Karega could read and write; he had his auto and wristwatch, but for all his golden oratory he had not the heart of a king. He liked the applause, but not the toil. He shook hands readily enough, but was slow to lend his ear. He had no patience.

The king had had a dream a few years ago, when he was still active, one he had never forgotten. All dreams to him were important, but this one in particular seemed a sign, urging upon the king a route, still obscure, a way to follow. The dream was simple enough. It went like this:

He was lying sick in a strange hut, among people whom he could not quite recognize. He was very thirsty, and a kind girl — Nyangeta? — held a cup of water to his lips.

"He will die, surely," one said. He looked up and saw a man with a long, bony face and red fez straddling the mat, gazing down on him contemptuously.

Everyone in the hut agreed with the stranger, who swayed above the king like a tree in a storm. They shook their heads and said in unison, "There is no hope."

Well, then, thought the king, knowing clearly that all could not be wrong, let death come.

"You are quite at ease?" asked the tall stranger, as though he could read the king's thoughts. "You are aware of the journey?" He smiled with his lips. "You are, shall we say, prepared?"

"Give me water," said the king.

Someone pushed the girl toward him. She raised his head with her hand and held a cup to his lips. He drank until the cool water ran down his chin. He leaned back against the mat; for a minute the walls of the hut spun about his head. The voice of the stranger grew clear, stilling the movement and helping his eyes to focus.

"Even kings must die," the stranger said with a mocking smile. "Have you no provisions?"

"Nothing," said the king.

The stranger laughed. "You are a foolish man."

The king felt a stir of anger, but the effort to reply in kind was too great.

He asked weakly, "Where are my people?"

"You did not know, then, that at the end we are all alone?"

"That is not true," the king said. He had seen enough men die. He had been at many a comrade's side, speaking words.

"Foolish man!" muttered the stranger.

"He is too foolish," the people said, nudging each other. "Give him no more water."

"Is that a great thing to ask? Water?"

"Listen to him," they said and laughed. They pushed the girl out of the hut. He closed his eyes then, despairing. He felt overwhelmed with sorrow.

"He was not a bad man, really," the people said in whispers. "He was good enough."

The stranger stepped over the king and faced them. "He was good enough, you say," the stranger said,

looking severe. "But suppose I ask you like this, Is 'enough' ever good enough?"

"Truly," they replied, clapping their hands, taken by his word play. "Well spoken. He was a bad man."

"No," the stranger said. "Not bad. At least, not bad enough." He smiled. "He was much like milk left too long in the sun. Not wholesome."

"Yes," they agreed. "That was what he was. Exactly."

"He was," the stranger said, extending carelessly an open palm toward the king and pausing to find the precise description (the king opened his eyes and saw the stranger swaying above him in the half light of the hut) — "he was a foolish man."

That was the dream — he remembered nothing more of it. He had taken it as an omen: a warning from God. From that night on, the king had not forgotten his death and the preparation he must make for it. No matter how busy he was, or how far he traveled, that dream was near him; its message beating like a sullen chord beneath all the sound and movement of his days.

One afternoon, as he sat looking out over the lake, the girl ran down the path and curtsied hurriedly, almost falling before him. "A stranger wants to see you, *Tata*," she said breathlessly. "A white man. A *Padri*."

The king rose heavily from his chair. He saw a white-bearded man come limping with a cane along the path.

"Bring the other chair," he told Nyangeta. She darted into the hut

and he went to meet his visitor. "You are most welcome," said the king extending his bony hand.

"Thank you," said the priest. They looked at each other. "It is a pleasure to meet you. One hears much of King Musira."

"Take this chair," said the king, and he nodded at Nyangeta, dismissing her. She went off reluctantly, looking back several times; then ran as fast as she could.

"I am nothing but an old man now," the king said, pulling his chair closer. "But in my younger days, things happened."

The priest nodded and took a pipe from the pocket of his cassock. "The past was always the best time. It is our custom to say that the men of the past were giants. Possibly you and I, old men now, were giants then and failed to recognize it."

They both laughed, as though at an absurdity.

The priest had deep-set, half hooded eyes. He seemed at first glance a frail man, but he kept his shoulders straight; his wrists and fingers were thick and competent.

"I came last month from Bukoba," he said. "I would have called earlier, but my leg was bothering me. They do not let me do much work these days. The young priests know everything, even how to treat old men. It's best to laugh at them. Anyway, I'm too old to cry."

The king smiled. "Yes, exactly. Too old. It is a strange thing. Where have the days gone? I was a young man only yesterday, and now today, incredibly old. When did it happen?"

"Not suddenly, in any case," said

the priest, puffing on his pipe. "Do you smoke?" he asked, offering the pouch to the king.

The king shook his head absently as though disinclined to relinquish the topic of old age. But then he frowned and leaned back in the chair. "Ah, well, God knows."

"Your son rules now?" asked the priest.

"Yes. I would say not well or wisely, but he rules."

"He is very intelligent, they say."

"Perhaps that is his trouble. His head is like a net filled with a great catch of fish, all sizes, thrashing about."

Then he smiled and said, "But perhaps in time he will grow wise like us."

"Amen," the priest said dryly. "A good wish."

The king folded his hands in his lap and closed his eyes. They sat in silence for a few minutes. Then the king suddenly sat upright and pointed a finger at the priest.

"A question," he said. "Let me ask you something. What is the value of a dream?"

"I would say," the priest eyed him keenly, "it depended on the dream. Surely God has spoken to men in dreams."

"Well spoken," said the king. "I will tell you my dream. You must interpret it for me."

"But I am no prophet," said the priest.

"Nonsense," replied the king — he proceeded to tell his dream, word for word as he remembered it.

"My mother!" whispered a girl next to Nyangeta, "what a beard!"

"Be quiet, stupid." The two girls were lying stomach down on the flat of a large rock hidden by rushes. The younger one kept tugging at Nyangeta's sugar-sacking dress.

"He was in no hurry, that is certain," said the girl rolling over onto her back.

"They are still talking."

"Who is the stranger?" the girl asked.

"It is a secret," said Nyangeta not looking at her. "The king told me not to tell."

"You liar! Just because you bring his food doesn't make you that important."

"Maybe not," snapped Nyangeta, resting her chin on her wrists, "but more important than you, anyway."

When the king had finished relating his dream, he leaned back in the chair, waiting. Finally the priest cleared his throat and knocked his pipe against the chair leg. "That is a dream!" he exclaimed. "It is, I think, a warning. Do you agree? Do you see it that way?"

"Yes, just so."

"A warning to prepare for God. That is the heart of it, in any case. The rest, I mean the people in the dream — the kind girl, the evil man — well, we could guess. But to what purpose?"

"I will not lie," the priest continued, resting elbows on knees and leaning toward the king. "I am not the best interpreter of dreams. But I could tell you other things. The important thing: the warning. I could tell you how to prepare for death."

"Tell me," said the king. ■■

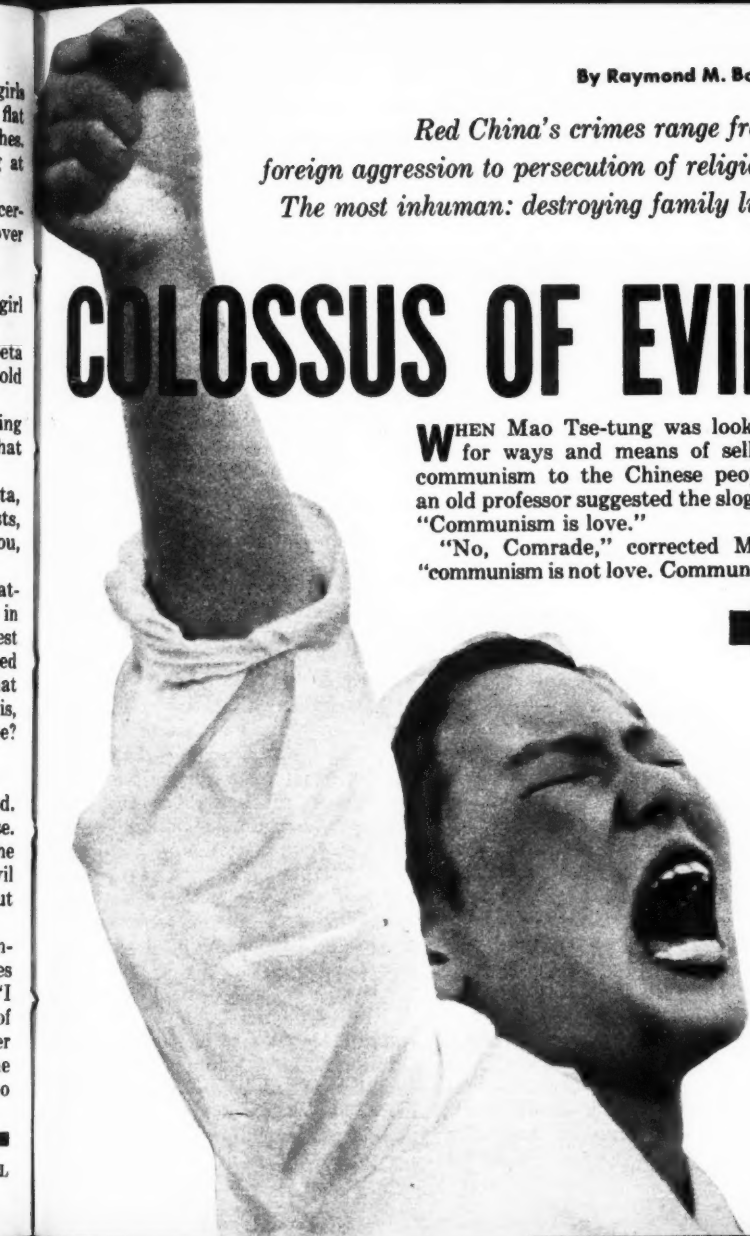
By Raymond M. Boyle

*Red China's crimes range from
foreign aggression to persecution of religion.
The most inhuman: destroying family life.*

COLOSSUS OF EVIL

WHEN Mao Tse-tung was looking for ways and means of selling communism to the Chinese people, an old professor suggested the slogan, "Communism is love."

"No, Comrade," corrected Mao, "communism is not love. Communism



is a hammer, which we use to destroy the enemy."

For ten and one-half years Mao has been using his hammer on the more than 600 million people of China, to weaken the basis of their social system — the family. Before then, it was traditional for several generations of relatives to live together under one roof, with the father of the house responsible for the welfare of all. Reverence for parents, living and dead, was one of the keynotes of the teachings of Confucius, who lived five centuries before the birth of Christ.

"No one is to be looked up to like a father," said Confucius. "No one is to be depended on like a mother." Ever since, until 1949, China's rulers and philosophers recognized the family as the fundamental unit of society, the cornerstone of Chinese civilization.

The Communists lost no time in trying to change this. One of their first major acts, after shooting their way into power in 1949, was to start a program of mass denunciation of individuals. They called it a campaign for Punishment of Counter-Revolutionaries.

For the first time in China's long history, bearing witness against one's family, relatives, and neighbors became a patriotic act, even a virtue. The closer the ties, the greater the duty to testify, said the Reds.

Fear was the weapon used to enforce regulations designed to break the bonds between husband and wife, parents and children, brother and brother. Staged, public trials and swift, brutal punishment were

the widely publicized means employed to terrorize those who hesitated to become spies for the state. And sons and daughters who accused their parents of any crime, real or imaginary, received the highest public praise.

The Communists further disrupted family ties by a policy designed, they claimed, to emancipate women. As a first step, they abolished the Chinese system of family-arranged marriages and proclaimed the freedom of young men and women to marry persons of their choice.

In practice, this freedom was limited by a provision that the local Communist party and precinct police had to be notified of any proposed marriage. If neither objected, the wedding could take place. The net result was that Communist veto power replaced family control of marriages.

The emancipation of women was carried a step farther by regulations requiring that they be given equal opportunity with men, to work, and that they receive equal pay for equal labor. This new equality is best illustrated wherever a road is being built in China. There will be found groups of women pounding big rocks into gravel for the roadbed. Each woman has her individual rock pile and is responsible for the same amount of gravel as her neighbor.

The last word in destroying family life in China is the system of communes set up in rural areas throughout the country. Peiping claims that the communes include more than 90 per cent of the rural population, or 500 million people.

In reality, the communes are labor camps designed to place family care on a mass production basis from birth to death and free parents — particularly mothers — for work battalions. At the same time, by separating youngsters from their parents at an early age, the state is able to control every phase of the children's education in the interests of producing future generations of thoroughly indoctrinated Communists.

Thus the communes have nurser-

ies for infants. Their kindergartens overflow with five- and six-year-olds learning the Party songs: "Socialism Is Good," "Communes Are Good," and the blasphemous "Chairman Mao Is Our Savior." There are boarding schools for youngsters. There are Middle Schools and Expert Schools, with attached hostels, for teenagers. There are barracks for adult workers, whether married or single. Husbands and wives may live in separate barracks, or even be assigned

Under Mao's banner, the men, women, and children of China live in communes as slave laborers for the state. A refugee calls them "the living dead."





Three priests, part of forced-labor battalion, dismantle radiators taken from a church. Scrap iron is needed in drive to raise steel production.

to different communes if one is classified as a skilled worker and needed elsewhere. There are rest homes for the sick, and Happy Homes for the Aged.

Statements from those who live in communes have been widely publicized by the Communists to show the popularity of the system. However, some of the comments contain guarded notes of fear and sorrow that disprove the Red claims.

"My old parents have gone to the Happy Home for the Aged," said one mother. "My two sons are in the Middle School hostel. I am happy because they are getting an education — the new education that will make them experts. But it is the baby I miss. Of course, I can now work hard and happily, knowing that my baby is well cared for."

A grandmother in a Happy Home for the Aged, asked if she is contented there, is quoted as saying: "Oh yes, I am. I miss my grandchildren, but I know they are getting a useful education somewhere."

Refugees fortunate enough to escape from Red China bitterly denounce the unnatural way of life in communes. A thirty-year-old doctor, who managed to reach Hong Kong, referred to the people he left behind as "the walking dead."

"If you could live with those peasants even just for a short while, you would not fail to note their growing passive resistance," he explained. "The way they walk and talk makes one feel that nothing at all seems to matter any more. They are ready to die without regret. We all fear death, but life in China

today makes death look more attractive than living."

It's impossible to estimate how many millions of Chinese families have been torn apart under communism. Even were the exact figure known, the human mind would not be able to comprehend all the misery and personal suffering hidden behind it. But Doctor Tom Dooley, the jungle doctor of Laos, tells an eyewitness story that, more than any statistic, illustrates what is happening to family life inside China.

Just across a mountain from Doctor Dooley's hospital in Laos is a valley in which the Communists changed a large village into a commune. One afternoon, as the doctor was building a bamboo cage for a tiny Himalayan sun bear which he had received as a gift, an old Chinese man watching him began to cry. Through an interpreter, the man explained the reason for his tears.

In the old man's village across the mountain, all cooking utensils had been smelted down when a central kitchen was built for the commune. His wife had beri-beri, a deficiency disease, but was refused extra food.

The old man and his sixteen-year-old son were harvesting rice one day. Instead of turning it all in, the boy kept two handfuls for his mother. He was caught. Because he had committed a crime against the state, he had to be punished.

The boy was put into a bamboo cage so small that he could not stand, or even sit. One leg hung out the side. The cage was placed in the middle of the commune. Barbed wire was rolled around it, and guards were stationed nearby.

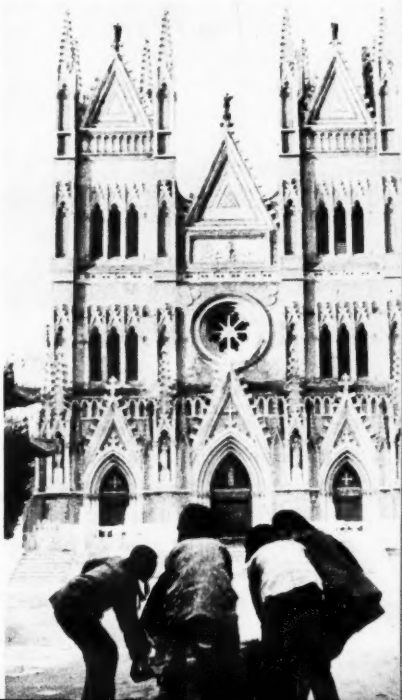
JUNE, 1960

During the following thirteen days, the parents and other villagers witnessed the slow starvation and final death agony of the caged boy. Shortly afterwards, the parents escaped from the commune. But the mother was shot as she tried to climb the mountain into Laos.

"In our village," said the old man, "all the people are bricks in the new commune."

Throughout Red China, the same thing is true. The Chinese people no longer are units of families. Under communism, they are bricks in the walls of the state. ■ ■

Former cathedral of Peiping is now a school to train young Communists.



PROUD...



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MARYKNOLL PUBLICATIONS

46

Maryknoll, N. Y.

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Introducing the class of '60 — thirty-two strong, young and ardent — eagerly anticipating ordination on June 11. After meeting them and reading about the events and ideals that encouraged them to embrace the mission priesthood, you'll be as proud as we are.

Why I came to Maryknoll



Fr. James J. Madden of Champaign, Ill. —

"I joined Maryknoll because I wanted to be an instrument in the apostolate of the Church, particularly in regard to the millions waiting to hear about Christ."

Fr. Maurice J. Healy of Brooklyn, N. Y. —

"I first heard of Maryknoll from a friend who gave me a copy of MARYKNOLL magazine, and who pointed out that here was a truly American society working for the conversion of the world."



Fr. Richard J. McGarr of W. Springfield, Mass. —

"It was a simple story in MARYKNOLL magazine, about the death of Brother Gonzaga in the Bolivian jungles, which brought me to Maryknoll to follow the same apostolic vocation."



Fr. Peter C. Brien of Escanaba, Mich. —

"Two boyhood ideals brought me to Maryknoll: the dream of an altar boy to do more than serve Mass, and the desire of a paper boy to give more than nickels and dimes for the salvation of souls."



Fr. Paul J. Brien of Escanaba, Mich. —

"As a small boy, I always wanted to be both a priest and a missionary. Only when I heard of Maryknoll did I realize that both ideals could be united in a single world-wide apostolate."



Fr. Daniel J. Flavin of Roxbury, Mass. —

"At about the age of ten, I was attracted to Maryknoll by the pictures in the magazine, and later, by reading a book, Men of Maryknoll."



Fr. Charles C. McHugh of North Hills, Pa. —

"I wanted three things: to become a priest, to become a missionary, and to make a contribution to the world. Maryknoll was the answer."



Fr. Thomas P. Doody of Jersey City, N. J. —

"My coming to Maryknoll has its ultimate foundation in a personal friendship. This particular friend left college to enter Maryknoll, resulting in my own interest and subsequent enlistment."



Fr. Martin A. Koszarek of Antigo, Wis. —

"The foreign-mission vocation did not just pop into my life. My family, my friends, events in my boyhood, little things almost insignificant: through all of these, God drew me to Maryknoll."

Fr. George G. Cotter of West Orange, N. J. —

"After several years as a salesman, I had a distinct feeling of frustration. The foreign missions promised meaning and value to my life. I entered Maryknoll to contribute to God's design for the world."



Fr. Alan J. Ryan of Brooklyn, N. Y. —

"I decided to join Maryknoll because I felt that the most important thing in life was to help bring Christ and His Church to those who have never heard or known that eternal salvation is their heritage."



Fr. William J. Tokus of Worcester, Mass. —

"The priesthood and the work of the missions seemed to be the best way in which I could serve God and the Church. Maryknoll was the answer."

Fr. Gerard G. Couture of the Bronx, N. Y. —

"I joined Maryknoll so that I might help the unbelieving peoples of the globe come to the knowledge, love and service of Christ the King."



Fr. Robert J. Bouluris of Cohoes, N. Y. —

"When I was in the eighth grade, Fr. Paul Duchesne of Maryknoll introduced me to the work he was doing with Hong Kong refugees. I determined then that I was capable of doing the same thing for the Church."



Fr. Frederick W. Crispo of Somerville, Mass. —

"'Why not give it a try? You can always walk out the front door if you don't care for it.' Nine years ago these words of my parish priest gave birth to my decision to join Maryknoll's mission effort."

Fr. John E. Keegan of Woodside, Long Island, N. Y.—

"The unusual challenge that the twentieth century has hurled at the Church convinced me that I had to participate in a direct fashion. The foreign-mission priesthood offered the greatest opportunity."



Fr. James D. Sullivan of Indianapolis, Ind.—

"My decision to enter Maryknoll resulted from the reading of Men of Maryknoll and MARYKNOLL magazine. These publications stimulated my interest in the peoples of the world and my responsibility toward them."



Fr. Daniel J. Maloney of Cincinnati, Ohio —

"I entered Maryknoll because of the direction given me by a diocesan priest, after I told him of my interest in overseas mission work."

Fr. Donald V. Brand of S. Ozone Pk., N. Y.—

"While studying for a career in architecture, I realized that this was not enough to present to God in return for His many gifts to me."



Fr. Thomas F. Guerin of Denver, Colo.—

"The heroes of my youth were strong and dedicated. I saw the foreign missions as a means of imitating them. There is no strength superior to the spiritual strength of those dedicated to extending Christ's message."



Fr. Michael M. Callanan of San Francisco, Calif.—

"In grade school I was often banished to the cloakroom for fooling around in class. Then I read about a Maryknoller who, as a small boy, also spent a lot of time in the cloakroom. If he could become a priest, so could I."



Fr. James P. Sinnott of Brooklyn, N. Y. —

"I could not read about the poverty and ignorance of two-thirds of mankind without acknowledging that the solution of these problems, in some small way, was my responsibility. Maryknoll became the means."



Fr. Gerard E. Hammond of Pleasantville, N. Y. —

"When I entered Maryknoll, in September of 1947, I had just turned fourteen. Most likely it was an eighth-grade hero worship of the Maryknoll priests whom I read about in the book, Men of Maryknoll."



Fr. John J. Sullivan of Long Island, N. Y. —

"The greatest factor in determining my vocation to Maryknoll was the example and influence of my diocesan parish priests."



Fr. Alfred J. Fleming of Trenton, N. J. —

"While at Mount St. Mary's College, a friend told me he thought I was studying at Maryknoll. It seemed like a good idea."



Fr. Paul E. Fagan of Mt. Hope, Wis. —

"As a member, and eventually president, of our C.S.M.C. unit at St. Francis Seminary in Milwaukee, my interest in the missions developed and finally led to a decision to enter Maryknoll and go myself."



Fr. Vincent F. Corbelli of Rochester, N. Y. —

"The wonderful example of the priests in my parish and at school attracted me towards the priesthood. Added to this, was the great need for missionaries in a world moving relentlessly toward communism."



Fr. Thomas F. McMahon of Hawthorne, N. Y. —

"I became interested because Maryknoll was born in my hometown of Hawthorne, where two Dominicans, Fathers Callan and McHugh, were my parish priests as well as professors at Maryknoll Major Seminary."



Fr. Eugene A. Thalman of Wilmette, Ill. —

"I first thought of becoming a priest when I was learning to serve Mass. When my sixth-grade teacher read a small pamphlet about Maryknoll, I knew that it was the life for me. I entered two years later."



Fr. Robert M. Lilly of Springfield, Mass. —

"I was in the Army during the occupation of Germany. The thought that Christ needs men now for the only battle that really counts — for souls — brought me to Maryknoll and the foreign missions."



Fr. Joseph F. McNeill of Flushing, N. Y. —

"In my youth I always felt that happiness depended upon sharing my knowledge and love for God with the members of His human family who don't even know He exists. Maryknoll provided the opportunity."



Fr. Carl P. Meulemans of Wrightstown, Wis. —

"The missionary zeal of the Sisters of St. Francis, who taught me in grade school, and the enduring generosity of my pastor, combined to give me the kind of inspiration that eventually spelled Maryknoll."



Opportunities for MEN

If you look at the "Help Wanted" columns in any paper, you will find many fine job opportunities for skilled persons. The biggest companies in the United States are looking for trained workers. But the best jobs for the finest employer in the world are not listed. These best jobs are giving your life to serve others; your employer is God Himself. Here are the opportunities God offers you:

**DIOCESAN PRIESTHOOD, HOME MISSIONS
FOREIGN MISSIONS
RELIGIOUS ORDERS
BROTHERHOODS**

**These are the opportunities God
offers Catholic men.
SEE YOUR PASTOR TODAY.**

IN HONOR OF GRAY HAIR

*High, wide and handsome
is the way his Korean friends
honored this Maryknoll priest.*

By James J. DeFino, M.M.

IN KOREA, a man's sixtieth birthday is occasion for celebrating the man's whole life. Early this spring the parishioners of St. Theresa's Church, Ok Chon, appointed a committee to prepare for the celebration of the sixtieth birthday (*hoan-kap*) of their pastor, Father Hugh L. Craig.

Present at the Solemn Mass of Thanksgiving were twenty priests; officers and men of the United States and United Nations Forces; Korean officials; Christians from Ok Chon and other parishes where Father Craig had labored.

After Mass he went to a room in the rectory, and put on the Korean garments prepared by the parishioners. Baggy Korean trousers tied at the ankles and the waist, a shirt with large sleeves, a blue vest, a coat; and over all, a long gown. This long gown was tied at the chest with a blue cincture with tassels.



He put on special, white-and-black shoes and a tall, stiff, black hat made of brightly varnished horsehair. A three foot long tobacco pipe was provided. On a man's sixtieth birthday and thereafter, someone else will light the tobacco in the bowl, three feet away from his mouth.

As Father Craig entered the reception room, all expressed gratified surprise at the splendor of his Korean garments, and remarked how young he looked on his sixtieth birthday. Accompanied by this group, he came out of the rectory door, into the grounds.

Some 3,000 people gave a cry of welcome. Under the main tent, a table measuring three by nine feet was piled high with every variety of Korean delicacy. Behind that table, was a beautiful straw matting placed on the ground; on it a cushion, on which he was to be seated. In other tents were chairs for the

honored guests. Children and the people were standing in the area before the tents.

While all were still standing, the Youths' Choir, with Sister Bernadette at the organ, rendered a Korean hymn. After all were seated, a dignitary read Father Craig's biography. The writer recalled that Father first came to Korea in 1925. After a year and a half studying the Korean language, he had been assigned to a parish of over 200,000 pagans and 206 Catholics. When he left that mission in 1933, to accompany two Korean seminarians to Rome, there were 846 Catholics in that area.

After a furlough in the U.S., Father Craig was made pastor of the church in Sin Oui Tsu, on the northern border of Korea, near Manchuria. At that time there were 1,000 Catholics in that mission. When on December 8, 1941, the Japanese made him a prisoner of war, there were 2,600 Catholics.

In 1948 Father returned to Korea where he was to establish for Korea an organization similar to the National Catholic Welfare Conference of Washington, D.C. He organized the Korean NCWC, and turned it over to the Korean clergy.

After the Reds crossed the 38th Parallel on the night of June 26, 1950, he became a Department of the U.S. Army Chaplain and was assigned to a camp for prisoners of war. Of them, 150,000 came from north Korea, and 20,000 from China. Early in the war, the Reds had destroyed all the Catholic books they



could lay their hands on, as well as the plates from which the books had been printed. Helpers and Father Craig printed a book or booklet a month for 36 months, and distributed over a half million copies to the prisoners. The other Catholic chaplains and Father Craig baptized 2,000 of the young men and twenty of the women prisoners.

After the Korean war he was assigned to the mountainous county of Po Un, 200 miles southeast of Seoul. The county had never had an American as resident. There were two Korean men in the town of Po Un who had received baptism some years previously, but at the time of his arrival they were not practicing Catholics.

Father Craig organized a system to train volunteer catechists. He obtained catechumens in every township of the county. Within 30 months, his catechists and he had trained 98 voluntary catechists, had baptized 964 people. Now about one thousand people are studying the catechism to prepare for baptism.

Father writes, mimeographs and sends out weekly an 8-to-10 page explanation of a catechism question to some 250 outstations.

After the reading of the biography, various sections of the parish

gave Father Craig bouquets, gifts, Mass offerings, spiritual bouquets.

The most impressive one (3,100 Rosaries) came from a leper asylum near Pusan. When Father Craig first visited that leper asylum, there were only two Catholics among a thousand patients. Now there are 132 Catholics and 94 studying the doctrine.

Then came the ceremonial bows — the important parts of the *hoan-kap* ceremony. Six couples dressed in colorful ceremonial robes, representing Catholics of various townships, bowed. These bows are usually made by children of the jubilarian. Six Catholic couples did the honors as Father Craig's spiritual children.

For example, the first couple, John Chen and his wife Justina, came and knelt before Father Craig. Each handed him a small polished brass bowl filled with wine. Then John and Justina arose, placed the backs of their hands against their foreheads and made a slow, solemn bow all the way to the mat.

John and Justina retired. Then another couple repeated this ceremony, until all couples had made their bows.

Next came congratulatory addresses. He responded by saying that with such splendid cooperation he was very much ashamed that he had not accomplished something much more. He went among the guests, thanked them for coming and presented to each a holy card. On each was printed this quotation from *Isaias xlvii, 4*: "Even to your old age I am the same and to your gray hairs I will carry you." ■ ■

Our Address?

It's easy!

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Maryknoll, N. Y.

YOU HOLD THE KEY TO HIS FUTURE



Many young men accepted for Maryknoll have all the qualifications necessary to make them future missionaries. They lack but

one thing — the material support that will make it possible. However, not one of them is ever refused admission for this reason, because we know that there is always someone who holds the key that will open this "door" for him. Perhaps you are that "someone." It takes \$750 a year to help each student reach his goal. Will you share this burden with him to the extent that your income permits? Any amount that you can contribute toward that \$750 needed each year will make you his partner. You will share in his sacrifices and rewards, his prayers and his Masses. Try it for awhile!



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Dear Maryknoll Fathers:

While I can, I will give \$_____ each month towards the \$750 needed yearly to support a Maryknoll seminarian. Please send me a monthly reminder. I understand that this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will, and should not interfere with my personal or parish obligations.

My Name.....

My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....



IT'S

NEVER
TOO LATE!



A five-year-old pulled himself up by his own bootstraps.

By Sister Rose Anna

I'll never forget Alejandrino! He was an engaging five in 1944, when he extended clasped hands in greeting to us, the strange new Madres. He did not really know why everyone was so happy to see the newcomers, but he was fasci-

nated by the ceremony, the scarlet of the bishop's robes, and the glare of fireworks lighting up the sky on that Christmas Eve.

It is true that, for Alejandrino Perera, the coming of Maryknoll Sisters to the mountain village of Siuna, in the interior of Nicaragua, promised little. He did not live in

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Siuna. We had come to open a school, but his father, poor Gabriel, could not afford to put a pencil in place of the machete in his son's hands. Gabriel loved his son; he did all he could for him. Gabriel knew how to read and write a little. He asked us for books so he could teach his eager son.

Thus it was arranged. We were delighted to give a primer to the boy who, with his grandmother and parents, traveled each Sunday, by foot or on horseback, three hours, to Mass and the sacraments. Such faith was unusual in Nicaragua. Like the Christ Child, Alejandrino grew in wisdom and knowledge, all the while subject to his parents.

He mastered the first-grade reader and asked for more books. Sometimes, as I gave coffee to the little family, who even by one o'clock had not broken their fast, I would question Alejandrino and note his progress. Within four years, he had exhausted his father's knowledge. Indeed, Gabriel would learn with him in the evenings, by the light of a kerosene lamp.

As a youth in his teens, Alejandrino carried the family's produce of rice, beans, bananas, and sugar cane to the market. The boy always stopped at our dispensary to leave a chicken or eggs, as payment for the medicine his family needed badly.

One day, he saw some *selecciones* from The Reader's Digest on the table and asked to borrow them. On his next visit, this unschooled country lad discussed with scientific accuracy the theory of flying saucers and their theological possibilities. He explained the shifting of bound-

aries in the European theater with amazing clearness of expression.

Alejandrino was seventeen before his father could release him from the farm. In 1956 he came to our school in Siuna to register. I knew him well and thought it best to place him with the older children. In class he knew all the answers. He had even taught himself algebra. And how amazed I was when two visiting Spanish priests said that the boy knew more about Spain than they did!

As a grateful son, he willingly rose each morning at three, to do his farm chores before undertaking the long trek into Siuna.

One day, he wrote a composition assignment on "What I Want to Be." The gist of it was, "I hope to become another Christ." Our pastor then spoke to him of the minor seminary in Bluefields.

Gabriel's opinion about his son's vocation was characteristic: "I am not worthy."

In May three years ago, Alejandrino started at the pro-seminary in Bluefields. He was eighteen, and it was only his second year of school. At the end of June, his professors asked the Departmental Inspector of Schools to examine the boy and give them permission to move him on to a higher grade. The inspector examined and approved.

1960 finds Alejandrino in his fifth school year. We Sisters whom the five-year-old Alejandrino welcomed to Siuna sixteen years ago, are praying for his perseverance; local vocations are vital to mission progress here in the Americas, as elsewhere. ■ ■

Will you keep Sister Doctor in this picture?



Pedro, Josefina, and Juan would be without medical care, if you did not send a Sister Doctor to them.

Peoples of the underprivileged countries of the world are ravaged by disease and suffer from both material and spiritual poverty.

When you help train Sisters as teachers, catechists, and nurses, who will go to them, you make a solid investment.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Here is \$..... for your training program for Maryknoll Sisters.

Name.....

Street..... City..... Zone..... State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... a month. I realize that I may stop at any time.

MR. GREAT FRIEND'S DISCOVERY

By John L. Lavin, M.M.



JAPANESE family names sometimes sound a bit strange when translated into English. But Mr. Great Friend was just that.

Beginnings are usually difficult, and the birth pangs of the struggling parish of Oyubari were especially so. Nestled deep in the quiet mountains of central Hokkaido, Oyubari is a small, compact, coal-mining town. Father George Mueller, of St. Louis, Mo., was alone there. He worked among the isolated miners.

Father Mueller met with one difficulty after another, in negotiating to secure a plot of land for the expansion of the already overcrowded chapel. If ever a pastor needed a friend in high places, it was he. Just then along came a quiet, gentlemanly official of the local coal company, Mr. Great Friend.

Recently elected a member of the town council, this Japanese made the problems of the new church his own. One obstacle after another vanished, thanks to this kind and efficient friend. His frequent visits to the rectory and chapel gave him occasional glimpses into the prayer life of the Catholics. He would hear them singing hymns, reciting the Rosary, kneeling silently in prayer on the straw mats. Whatever his impressions were, he did not let on.

The foundations for the new build-

ing are laid now, and carpenters are swarming like bees, fitting and nailing boards into place. Each day, as our Christians pass on the way to work in the mines, they stop to watch the progress made in construction. But the friend, who had much to do with arranging to make the chapel possible is nowhere to be seen.

Mr. Great Friend took ill shortly before the construction began. Even though his illness was not thought to be serious, the parishioners all prayed for him at Mass. One afternoon the catechist stopped by to say hello, and see how he was getting along. Complications had developed, and Mr. Great Friend was dying.

"I would like to become a Catholic," he whispered. Hurriedly the catechist instructed and baptized him. After the water was poured, he attempted to raise himself to bow his thanks, but he had not the strength. "Thank you!" he said. Within minutes, Mr. Great Friend was gone. ■ ■



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Love Is a Moppet Named Marianne

HER life began early in November of 1957 in a cobbled alley next to an orphanage in Inchon, Korea. She was one of four infants left in the alley that night, and the French Sisters didn't expect her to live because she was blue with exposure and less than five months old. So they baptized her Marianne and waited, helplessly, for her to die. But she survived the winter . . . and gradually, like a small moth, unfolded in the warm sunshine of her first spring — without a smile. ■



Marianne, age 14 months, while in Korean orphanage.

Text: J. F. Michenfelder, M.M.

Photos: Robert Blake



For some reason known only to Marianne, Grace before meals continues to baffle her.



Next to "pushing" leaves, there's nothing better than "watering" the car.



For Marianne, her three brothers are a constant source of strange games which she insists on playing.

FOR several years Charles and Helen Dolan of Massapequa, Long Island, had been thinking of adopting a Korean war orphan. Most people discouraged them — for a variety of “practical” reasons. They were very nearly convinced, until a Sister at the Angel Guardian Home in Brooklyn showed them a snapshot of Marianne. They started adoption proceedings immediately. On Valentine Day, 1959, a transcontinental jet dropped down at Idlewild Terminal, delivering Marianne. They brought her home and introduced her to her brothers: Patrick, 8; Thomas, 7; and James, 4. She wasn’t too impressed, frankly. She just stared at them and refused to eat; then lying in her crib, she wept softly to herself. Finally, when her new mother held her hand, she slipped into a deep sleep. ■



Already fastidiously feminine, she finds a bath is an enjoyable “must.”



Mother's little helper in the kitchen, Marianne regards baking a cake as a long series of spoon-licks, "just to make sure it's still all sweet."



Night prayers came easy for her. She likes the "Hey Mary" best of all.



No day is complete unless she tells at least one secret to Mom.





Marianne's Sunday morning romp always starts on the slide — provided Mother is there to catch her, and the boys aren't there to tease her.



But usually her brothers treat Marianne like a princess —

MARIANNE DOLAN spent her first three days in America frightened, and at times almost sullen. Then her youngest brother, Jimmy, broke the spell. Without saying a word, he put his arms around her, kissed her, and drew back quickly — making one of those impish clown faces for which four-year-olds the world over are famous. Marianne's face suddenly came alive, opened up in a warm smile, and immediately there was laughter. She has been smiling and laughing ever since. Marianne is going on three now, and to meet her is to surrender your heart. But even as she rushes into your outstretched arms, you can't help thinking of the 30,000 Korean moppets she left behind: small orphans of war, each still waiting for a home, and a reason to smile. ■■

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— and whenever there are nearly tears, she can always count on Jimmy.

By Monsignor John O'Grady



Revolution in the Andes



*The Secretary of the National Conference of Catholic Charities
discovers hope for a new life in Latin America.*

WITH some difficulty, the Andean-study group of the United Nations convinced me that I should join with them in the study of certain areas in Latin America. These, they told me, would be areas that in previous studies had shown elements of hope, in certain projects.

The first of these projects was in the city of Riobamba, the capital of the province of Chimborazo in Ecuador. The United Nations Commission had planned to study 30 communities and local centers in this province. The material available to the mission laid a great deal of stress on the work of the Catholic Bishop of Riobamba, Monsignor Leonidas E. Proano.

The members of the mission felt

that I would be greatly inspired by Monsignor Proano's work. They seemed to be just as much interested in my impressions of the work being carried out under the leadership of the bishop as they were in their own findings. As I moved around in the area I visited the churches and worked with the Sisters, members of a new community participating actively in the health program.

I observed the new developments in agriculture and what they are contributing to the improvement of the Indian population; I saw the training programs that had been set up for the Indians in the training centers; I saw the things the Indians had learned and had taken back to the villages, which would



lay the foundation for a new hope.

The second area to which the mission pinned its hopes for a new life in Latin America was the Puno area, in the high mountains of Peru. I was somewhat concerned about the problems that would confront us in the high Andes. However, I was greatly encouraged by Dr. Louis Alberto Lopez, a leading educational authority in Peru, in his description of the new type of schools that were being developed by the Government in Puno. I was told about the training centers that were helping the Indians in the high mountains. I was also encouraged by Dr. William C. Blanchard, who is the chief expert of the Puno training program.

As I moved around with the mem-

bers of the mission and Dr. Blanchard and Dr. Lopez, I was impressed on the whole by the projects that were under way. During our several days in the Puno area, I was constantly picking up information about the work that the Maryknoll Fathers are carrying on there in the high mountains. As soon as we returned to the city of Puno, I visited the Maryknoll houses and gradually acquainted myself with their work. The Fathers explained to me the trials that they have been through in getting next to the Indians.

Gradually they interpreted to me the remarkable Indian cooperative program that they have developed. Because of my interest in cooperatives, I was fascinated by the progress they have made in a relatively short period of three years. From July 1955 to the end of 1957, they helped people to buy 118 houses, and in 1957-58 they helped people to buy 142 houses. In the same periods they had cared for people who were ill in 190 and 224 families, and had enabled many to pay their medical bills. They also helped people to acquire farm equipment, and they helped to set up newly married couples.

During the periods mentioned, they had advanced more than a million dollars in credit to all classes of Peruvians. Maryknoll has been able to give the Peruvians a vast amount of credit in the past five years. The Peruvians have no source of credit and no productive resources, other than lenders who charge up to 50% monthly.

The Maryknoll credit movement was started in San Juan in Puno in

1955. It began with 23 members. Now there are 3,000 members and a quarter of a million dollars in savings. At the Bishop's conference held in January, 1958, Father Daniel McLellan was authorized to extend cooperative credit throughout the entire country. He has set up a central office for this purpose and has established 67 credit unions.

Some two days after I returned to the city of Puno, I was conferring with some of the Maryknoll priests about the program. I learned that they had been invited to appear before our United Nations mission within two hours. After receiving the news of the invitation, I decided to return immediately to the hall where the meeting was to be held.

When I arrived, there were assembled 200 officials from the entire area to discuss their problems with the United Nations mission. Doctors were there to tell about the health program, and community development leaders to tell about their projects. We were going to have an entire review of what we had seen in the area. After we had heard most of the officials, three Maryknoll Fathers appeared to tell their story. It is no exaggeration to say that they made a most profound impression.

On our way back to the hotel, the members of the mission, one and all, began to ask me: "Now aren't you delighted that you joined with us? Don't you think you have learned something from the Maryknoll Fathers? Isn't this worthwhile for all of us? Doesn't it mean a new hope for the people of Latin America?"

The work of the Maryknoll missionaries among the Indians has made a most profound impression. Representatives of all the other organizations in the area joined with us in paying tribute to their influence on the Indian people. They accepted the contribution of Maryknoll as a new source of inspiration. They felt that Maryknollers had outreached everybody else in their approach to the Indians.

The Peruvians felt that the Maryknoll missionaries had made a real contribution. They hoped that this contribution could be extended to the entire country. They recognized that this presented some problems of cost that could not be met from the regular budgets.

In the extension program, Father McLellan is facing a deficit of \$6,000 a year for the next two years. This is our challenge today, and we cannot rest until we have done our best to meet it. ■■

We should help our missionaries. "Because they are constantly helping others; because they represent Jesus Christ; because they protect infancy, guide youth, convert sinners; and because they become 'all in all' that they may gain all to Christ.

"Because they daily offer, amid strange and desolate surroundings, the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

"Because their merits will be our merits, and their Masses will be our Masses."

(Bishop James A. Walsh, FIELD AFAR, Dec. 1907)

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*It was only small boys
playing a familiar game
that tragedy interrupted.*

POISONED ARROWS

By John M. Martin, M.M.

THE sun's rays shot in through the low door beneath the thatched roof, and crept slowly along the dirt floor of the circular mud hut. Nyabatocho stirred uneasily in his wildebeest skin and opened his eyes. Jumping to his feet, he stepped over the form of his sleeping father and hurried to the church in Iramba, Tanganyika, Africa.

His bare feet made no noise as he padded along the cement floor to join the other boys of his own age — all of them students of religion at the mission. He bent his knees to the floor and made the sign of the cross. Stephano, the religion teacher, began to intone morning prayers.

At Communion time the lad watched the people advance to the altar, and he wondered if a person felt different inside after swallowing the Sacred Host.

The priest at the altar was Nyabatocho's dearest friend. But he remembered when he had feared the priest and had been reluctant to shake his hand and answer his greeting. He was glad only girls curtsied when meeting the Fathers — he could never do more than clasp

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a priest's hand. Later when the boy's regard for the missionary increased, he clasped his own right arm with his left hand, as he shook hands to show the warmth of his greeting.

He was glad his father, Muwita Chacha, let him study. With a grunt the precious permission was granted. Nyabatocho admired his father and loved to hunt with him. The lad, with his pal, Chacha Maro, spent many happy hours on the plain, while the men were shooting zebra, topi, and wildebeest with poisoned arrows. He had not yet reached the age of puberty; he could not carry bow and arrows. But he could help strip meat from slain animals, and split the bones to eat the sweet marrow.

He remembered well the day he had killed his first zebra. When his mother arrived with the other women of the tribe, to haul the meat and skins back to the village, his eyes flashed with pride as Chacha told her of her son's accomplishment. She clucked delightedly as one neighbor woman exclaimed, "He will soon reach manhood." That would mean many hours of feasting, dancing, and receiving gifts — a proud time for the boy.

Suddenly Nyabatocho was jolted from his reverie by the words of the pastor, Father Richard Quinn. Mass had ended, unheeded by the boy, and catechism had started.

As Nyabatocho left the church, he looked over at the statue of St. Joseph and said to himself, "When I am baptized I will take the name Josefu."

He ran to his home. There he

found his mother and father sitting on their heels, eating *bugali*, a sticky porridge made from ground corn. When he finished eating his share, the lad walked over to a clump of trees where he had set bird traps in the branches. There he met Chacha Maro, who was carrying a bow and four poisoned arrows.

Nyabatocho looked enviously at his companion. "It won't be long before I, too, shall reach manhood, and then I shall be permitted to carry a bow and arrows," he said. Chacha smiled condescendingly, and asked, "What shall we do?"

"I'm going to climb that tree and inspect my traps," was the reply.

"Koori," ("Get ready!") called the boy on the ground. He fixed one of his arrows and aimed aloft. According to the game, Nyabatocho would answer, "*Chinche!*" ("Let her come!") but instead he called, "If you want me to play, wait until I climb down."

Barely had he uttered the words, when an arrow whizzed through the branches. Nyabatocho tumbled to the ground, an arrow lodged in his neck. He cried to Chacha, "*Rero onvitire!*" ("Today you have killed me!") Chacha fled in fright.

The wounded boy pulled but only the shaft came loose, the poisoned tip remained in his neck. Stopping the blood with a rag, the boy staggered home. He said to his mother: "You are seeing me die. Get the Padri to come quickly."

In a few moments Father Quinn arrived and baptized the boy.

The new Joseph looked up gratefully, and closed his eyes. The poisoned arrow had done its work. ■■

RECIPES Around the WORLD



Mostly Lamb

■ TRY these interesting recipes with their equally interesting seasonings and spices. They come to your kitchen from Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

Lamb Curry (India)

- 1½ lbs. lamb shoulder, cubed*
- 1 cup onions, chopped*
- 1 cup apple, chopped*
- 3 tablespoons flour*
- 1 tablespoon curry powder*
- 2 teaspoons salt*
- 2 cups stock*
- 2 tablespoons lemon juice*
- 1 clove garlic, crushed*
- ⅓ cup seedless raisins*
- ¼ cup chutney*
- ¼ cup chopped almonds*

Over medium heat, cook lamb until browned on all sides. Add onions and apple. Cook for 5 minutes. Add flour, curry powder, salt; mixing well. Gradually add stock, and cook until thickened. Add remaining ingredients. Cover and cook over low heat 1 hour. Stir occasionally and serve over rice. Serves 6.

Lamb Chops (Africa)

- ⅔ cup tomato juice*
- ⅔ cup vinegar*
- ½ cup Worcestershire sauce*
- 1 onion, minced*
- 1 teaspoon dry mustard*
- 1 teaspoon salt*
- 12 lamb chops*

Combine tomato juice and all ingredients except meat in a bowl, mixing well. Add chops and marinate in this sauce for 1 hour. Drain chops, reserving sauce. Fry chops in pan until cooked, turning from time to time. Heat sauce in another pan and pour over chops. Serves 6.

Smothered Veal (Ceylon)

- 2-lb. piece boneless veal shoulder*
- 1 medium onion, sliced*
- 2 teaspoons salt*
- 2 teaspoons ground coriander*
- 2 teaspoons chili powder*
- 1 teaspoon ground cumin*
- ½ teaspoon ground ginger*



2-inch stick cinnamon

¼ cup vinegar

2 cups water

1 cup milk

¼ cup olive oil

Place meat in pot and add onion, salt, chili powder, coriander, cumin, ginger, cinnamon, vinegar. Add two cups water and stir to blend ingredients. Cover and simmer for 1 hour. Uncover and simmer ½ hour or until meat is tender. Add milk and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove meat and pour sauce into a bowl, keeping sauce hot. Pour oil into pan and fry meat until lightly browned. Serve sauce with meat. Serves 7.

Lamb Stew (Persia)

*4 large bunches parsley,
chopped*

12 scallions, chopped

6 tablespoons shortening

3 lbs. lean lamb, cubed

salt and pepper to taste

2 lemons

2 No. 2 cans, red kidney beans

Sauté the parsley and scallions in Dutch oven, in 4 tablespoons of the shortening, until parsley is dark green. Sauté lamb in remaining shortening in another pan, until meat is lightly browned. Add salt and pepper. Combine lamb with parsley and scallions in Dutch oven. Add water to cover and juice of lemons. Simmer about 1½ hours until meat is almost tender. Add kidney beans. Continue cooking until lamb is tender. Serves 6.

Leg of Lamb (Mexico)

1 5-lb. leg of lamb

1 clove garlic, crushed

1 tablespoon oregano

1 tablespoon chili powder

salt and pepper to taste

2 tablespoons vinegar

3 tablespoons olive oil

Mix into a paste the garlic, oregano, and chili powder. With a sharp knife, make incisions in leg of lamb and fill with the paste. Season with salt and pepper. Pour vinegar and oil over the meat and let stand overnight. Roast in a 325° oven uncovered, for about 2½ hours. (Allow about 30 minutes per pound of meat.) Serves 10.

Pork Peking (China)

½ lb. lean pork, sliced fine

*3 tablespoons soy sauce, Chinese
variety*

1 tablespoon sherry

1 tablespoon cornstarch

½ teaspoon salt

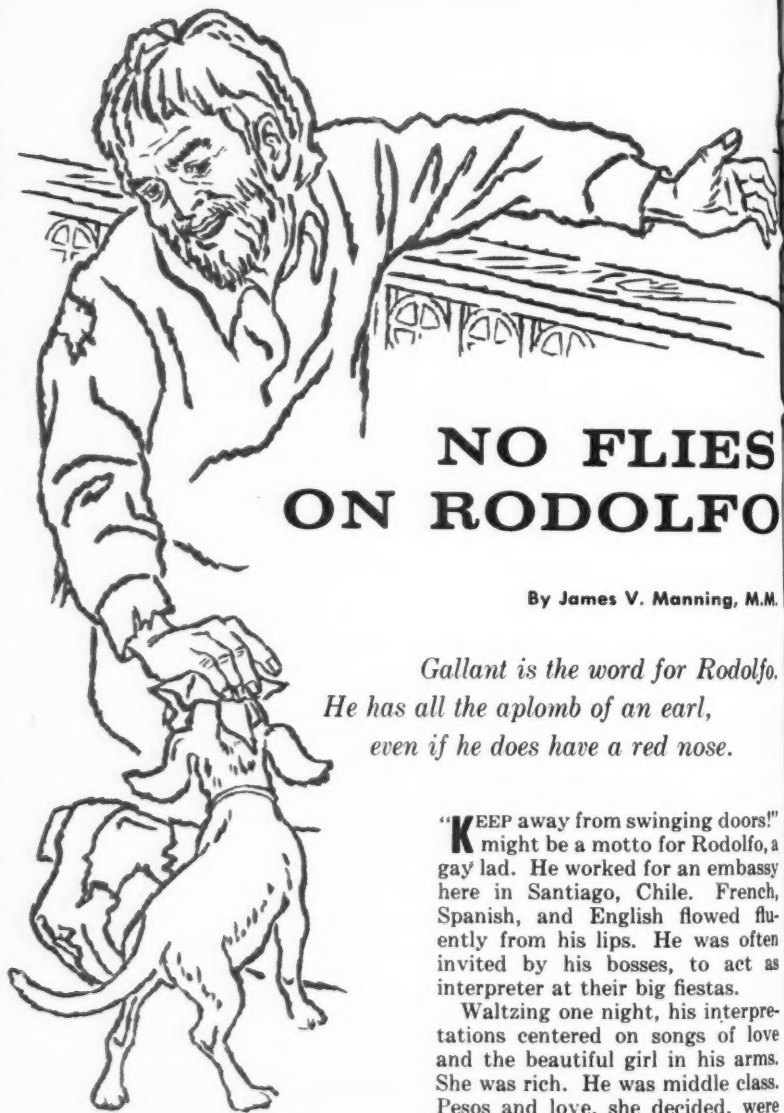
4 tablespoons oil

4 eggs, beaten

12 dried mushrooms

3 tablespoons water

Dredge pork with mixture of soy sauce, sherry, cornstarch, and salt. Heat pan, add 2 tablespoons of oil, and scramble the eggs. After cooking eggs, remove and reheat pan. Add 2 tablespoons oil and sauté pork and sliced mushrooms for a few seconds. Add water and scrambled eggs and continue to sauté for a minute. Serves 4-6. ■■



NO FLIES ON RODOLFO

By James V. Manning, M.M.

*Gallant is the word for Rodolfo.
He has all the aplomb of an earl,
even if he does have a red nose.*

KEEP away from swinging doors!" might be a motto for Rodolfo, a gay lad. He worked for an embassy here in Santiago, Chile. French, Spanish, and English flowed fluently from his lips. He was often invited by his bosses, to act as interpreter at their big fiestas.

Waltzing one night, his interpretations centered on songs of love and the beautiful girl in his arms. She was rich. He was middle class. Pesos and love, she decided, were

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no recompense for dollars and high life. She spurned him.

Soon Rodolfo found another love, one that kept him happy and contented — *el vino*. Ballrooms and fancy dinners were exchanged for a bale-of-hay bed beside a horse in a local stable. Caviar had turned into stale bread and leftovers. For years, his favorite recreation spot has been Buzeta parish. Rodolfo's garb and appearance are those of a hermit. Long hair flows. Although black, his beard reminds one of Santa Claus. I invited him to a shave and a haircut, but he refused. He said, "The beard makes me look like Bernardo O'Higgins" [the Father of Chile].

Every morning he is at early Mass. He shuffles in and greets the statue of the Virgin, half in English and half in Spanish, "Good morning, sweetheart." Then he proceeds to moan, praying and singing aloud, denouncing Rodolfo for being a bad boy.

Once he arrived with his dog, sat down by the Communion rail. He conversed with his companion. Suddenly it dawned on him that the dog was a female. Whipping out a

handkerchief, he covered her head.

I had my face covered with my hands, praying. All of a sudden Rodolfo's hand was on my shoulder; he whispered, "Don't cry, Father. If no one else loves you, I do." That started me shaking with laughter which he mistook for great sobs.

One Sunday two cops strolled into church; quickly they led Rodolfo out. Three weeks passed with no sign of Rodolfo. Then yesterday his *vino* baritone interrupted early Mass. I asked him how he had enjoyed his stay in jail. Rodolfo roared and told me that the cops had merely taken him to the edge of town and sent him on his merry way.

The cook here in the Buzeta parish is big and awesome. The doorbell rings. She goes to the door, only to find Rodolfo, looking for a handout. The likes of him has taken her from her duties. The roar of a fierce lion has nothing on the roar she let out.

Her roar scares everybody but Rodolfo; he calmly reminds her she is a servant and should be of service to all — even the humblest.

Fleas and lice may abound, but there are no flies on Rodolfo. ■ ■

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Will You Help Me Get to My Post?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll, New York

Dear Fathers,

I understand that you are sending 32 new missionaries overseas, and that the fare of each is \$500.

I enclose \$. toward the \$500 needed for one missionary. I'll pray for his missionary labors.

My Name

My Address

City Zone State

A Question of Values

SHE WAS the representative of a large American newspaper and her by-line was world famous. While she was driving back from the battlefield to file her stories, her jeep broke down opposite a small mission hospital. While waiting for a mechanic to arrive, she decided to visit the hospital where a steady stream of refugees was pouring in and out of its doors.

Inside the hospital she found a scene of incredible activity. There were the cries of sick babies, the moans of wounded men, the shrill voices of women begging help for themselves or their families. The American Sisters who ran the hospital hurried from one patient to the next—examining, diagnosing and passing out medicine.

In one room, she found a Sister on her knees cleaning a gangrenous leg sore of an old man. The stench from the wound was sickening.

"Sister," said the lady correspondent, "I wouldn't do that for a million dollars!"

Without pausing in her task, the nun replied, "And neither would I."

